Dut. Thou rode, thou rode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women.
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother, for I am in haſte.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakfaſt once forth of my companie:
If it be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which

Which in the day of battel
Then all the compleat arm
My praiers on the aduerſe
And there the litle ſoules o
Whiſper the ſpirits of thin
And promiſe them ſucceſſ
Bloudie thou art, bloudy w
Shame ſerues thy life, and c
Qu. Though far more c
Abides in me, I ſay Amen
King. Stay Madam, I mu
Qu. I haue no more ſor
For thee to murther, for m
They ſhall be praying Nu
And therefore leuell not t
King. You haue a daug
Vertuous and faire, royall
Qu. And muſt ſhe die f
And Ile corrupt her manne
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to
Throw ouer her the vale of
So ſhe may liue vnskard fro
I will confeſſe ſhe was not
King. Wrong not her bi
Q. To ſaue her life, ile ſa
King. Her life is only ſaf
Qu. And only in that ſa
Kin. Lo at their births go
Qu. No to their liues ba
King. All vnauoyded is
Qu. True, when auoyde
My babes were deſtinde t
If grace had bleſt thee with
K. Madam, ſo thriue I in
As I intend more good to y
Then euer you or yours we
Qu. What good is couer
To be diſcouerd that can d
King. The aduancement

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